



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

U5.
5237
8



3 2044 010 523 165

William Lloyd Garrison-1833

US 5237.8

Harvard College Library



FROM THE BRIGHT LEGACY

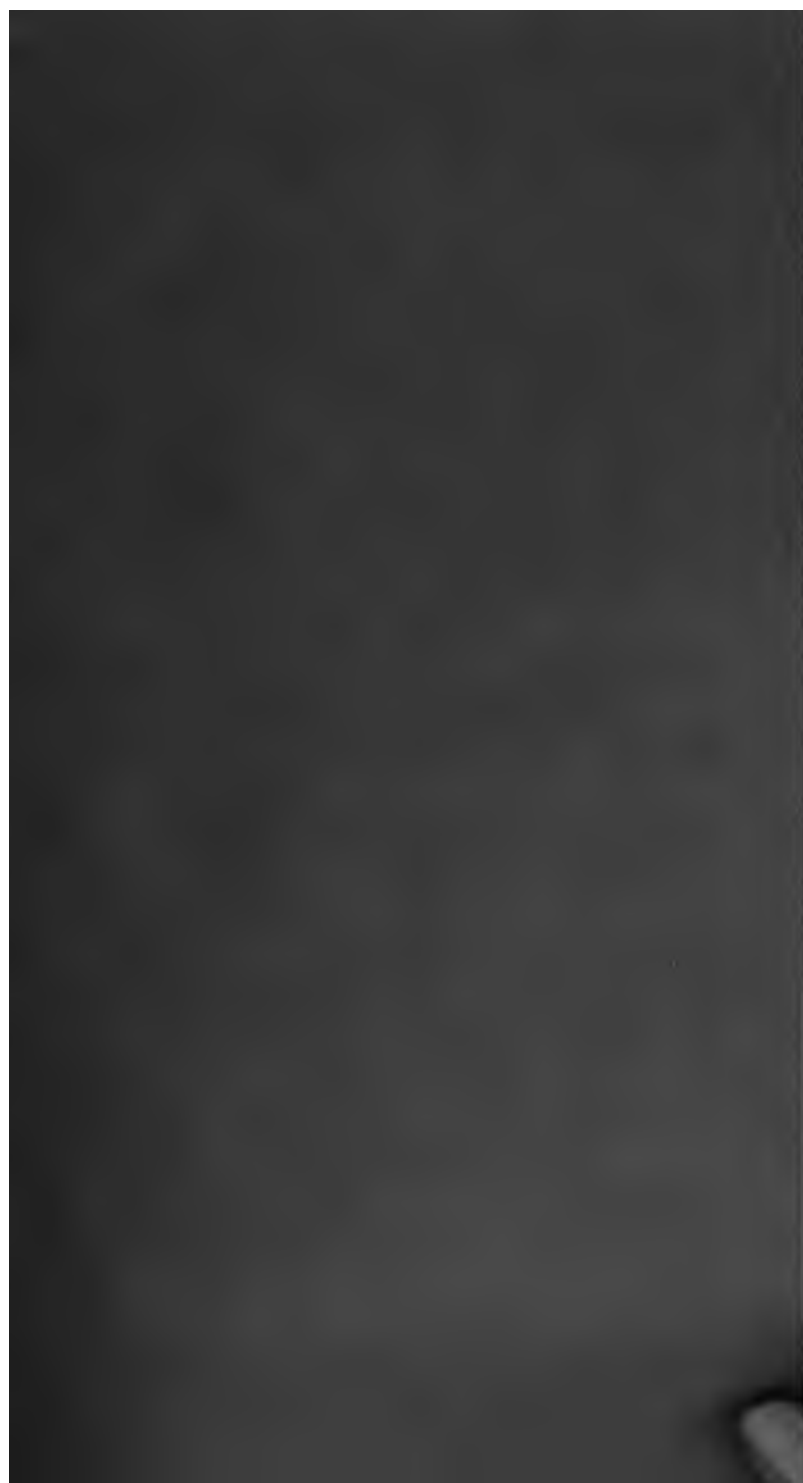
One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

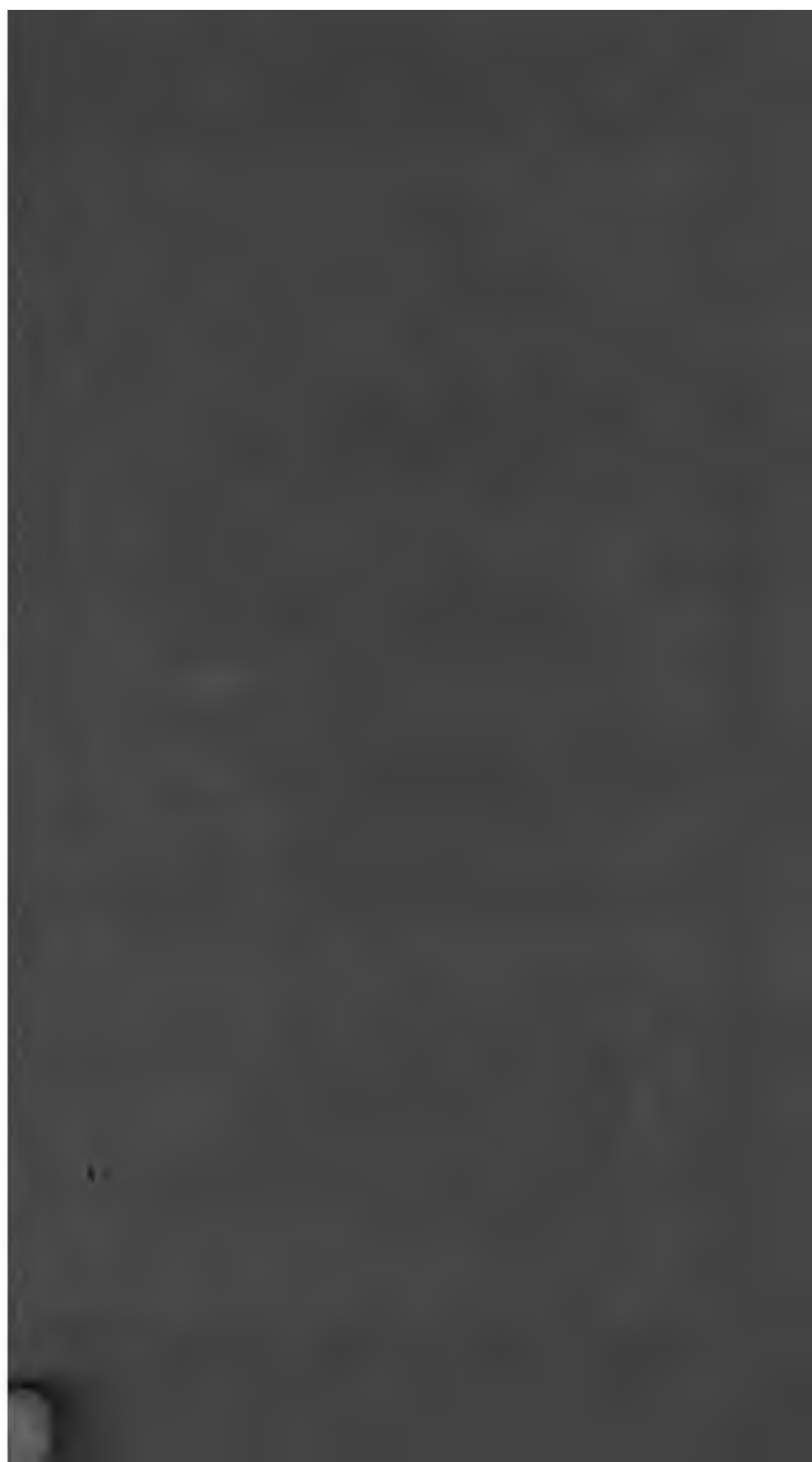
JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

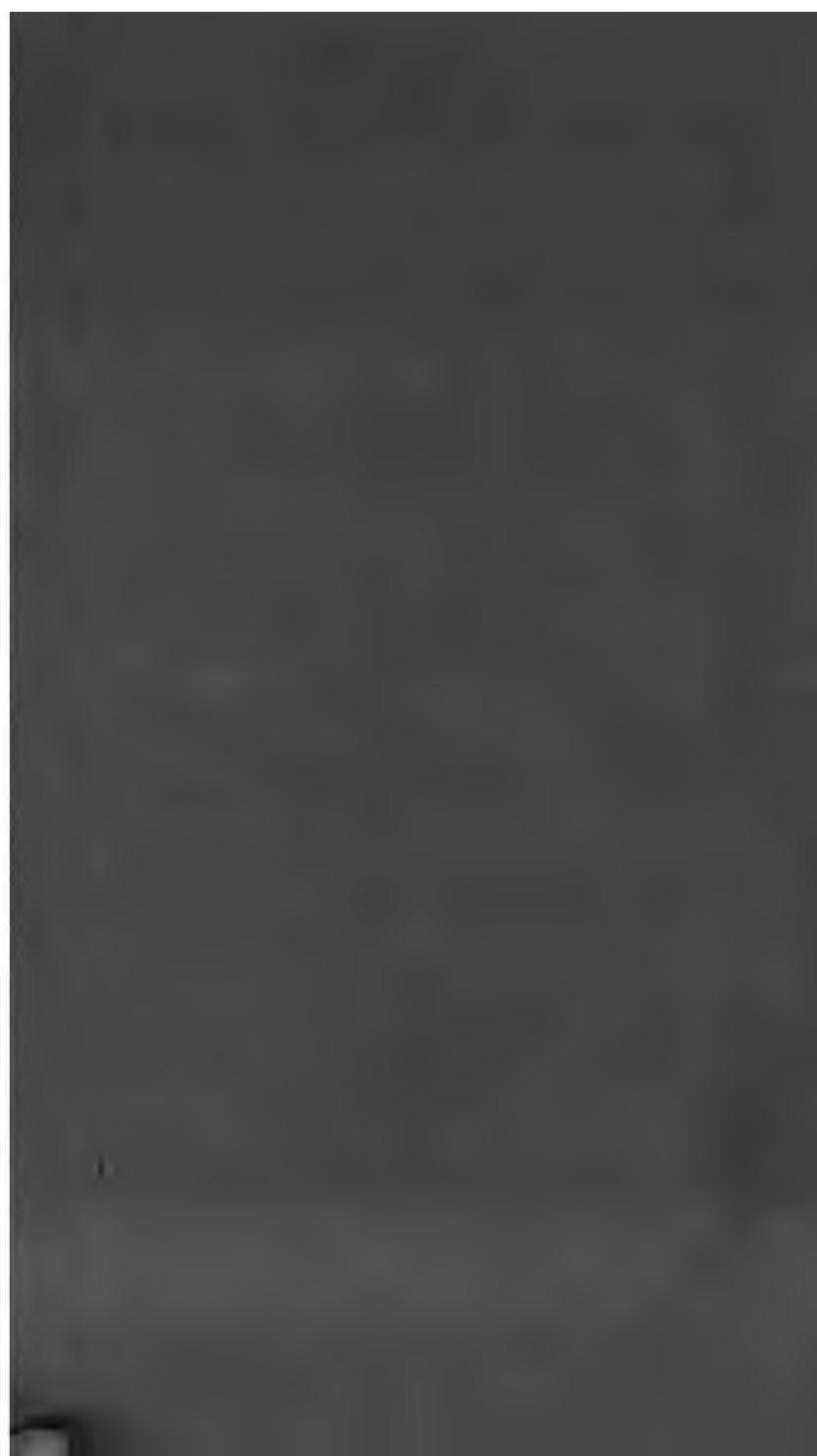
who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.





William Lloyd Garrison.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED BY HENRY R. PIERCY, 7 THEATRE ALLEY.
1898.



▲
O SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER,
AND
DEFENCE OF THE PRINCIPLES
OF
William Lloyd Garrison.

BEING
AN ADDRESS,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOARD OF MANAGERS
OF THE
"Maine Anti-Slavery Society,"
IN
PORTLAND, ME.

On the Evening of the 1st of November, 1833,

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED BY HENRY R. PIERCY, 7 THEATRE ALLEY.
1833.

65 5237.8



Brigley

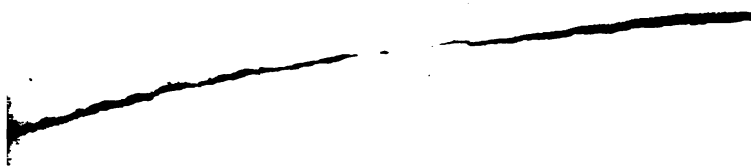
At a Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Maine Anti-Slavery Society, holden at Portland, at the Christian Chapel, on Friday, November 1, 1833,

General FESSENDEN in the Chair,

Voted—That JAMES F. OTIS, Esquire, be requested to furnish a copy of the Address just delivered before this Board—for publication.

Attest,

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY,
Recording Secretary.



By James F Otis

Sketch of Character, &c.

In rising to comply with the request of the Board, I feel sensible that I can select no subject upon which to occupy the attention of its members for a few moments, more interesting to them, as friends of the cause of Emancipation, than that selected as the theme of our present meditations. I have selected it as an act of justice, not as a matter of eulogy. The latter is for the dead, and comes when its subject can no more claim the former at our hands. This it is *our* duty to demand *for* him, while it can aid in the promotion of a righteous cause.

I am here, then, to tell what I *know* to be true of a much-injured and deeply-calumniated man; and I know, as well as any, that of all men, he need not fear that the truth should be told.

We were natives of, and long co-residents in the same town. At an early age, deprived of paternal care and aid, he was placed by his widowed mother in the Printing office of Ephraim W. Allen, of Newburyport, as an apprentice; and, in the course of a single year, was a master of his trade. Here, he contributed materially to his parent's support, as well as providing completely for his own, during the whole of his apprenticeship.

After a short time, Garrison was led, by the natural tendency of his pursuits, which were daily bringing him in contact with the passing literature of the time, to form and cultivate a taste for letters. Soon, this taste began to assume the character of a passion:—books were sought after with an avidity rarely observed in young men of his age; every one of literary taste, with whom he could plead the excuse of the slightest intimacy, was laid under contribution to aid him, by the loan of their libraries, in the work that now seemed that of his life,—the cultivation of his intellectual powers.—The effects of this mental culture varied in their character, according to the tastes and natural associations, which are peculiar to the different ages at which they were developed.—I very well remember a juvenile society, of which he was one of the founders, having for its object the amusement of its members, as well as their improvement in reading, recitation, and extemporaneous discussion. Afterwards, an association, called "The Franklin Club," printed an oration, delivered on the Fourth of July before them, by Mr. Garrison, which surprised every reader by the precociousness it displayed,—as well as delighted all by its intrinsic excellence as a literary effort.

The columns of the Newburyport Herald contained many original contributions from the pen of Mr. Garrison, which gave evidence of great maturity of talent, a correctness of sentiment, and depth of thought, that rendered their authorship, at first, a matter of curious enquiry and speculation, and, when discovered, of much wonder and surprise. Some essays, with the signature of "A. O. B." (initials frequently employed by Mr. Garrison in the public prints,) entitled "A View of the Present State of Europe," were remarkably well-conceived, and ingeniously written, for the paper just named. Nor did the Muse of Song disdain to inspire the pen of the apprentice-boy: several poetical efforts appeared at about the same time, under his signature, and excited even more surprise than his other productions. Upon his coming of age, he placed in the columns of the Herald a copy of verses upon the arrival of that era in his life, which would have been creditable to many poets, whose names, as such, stand higher upon the records of fame.

After the surcease of his apprenticeship, Mr. Garrison set up a paper in Newburyport, called The Free Press,—which existed six months; and might have done so longer, had not its editor's views undergone a material change, as it regarded aim and object. The Press was a political paper—it was admirably edited, gave great satisfaction, and displayed the highest ability in its management and efficiency.—Many a time have I seen Mr. Garrison standing at the type-case, without copy before him, composing both the matter and the form simultaneously, for his editorial columns; and these, when completed, were always well expressed, and after publication, extensively copied and favorably commented on, by other editors. From the care of the Free Press, he was called to that of the National Philanthropist, in Boston: a print that was then leading the van of that gathering phalanx which has since succeeded so admirably in its warfare upon that dreadful hydra, Intemperance, throughout our land. After a useful connection with that establishment of a year or more, he accepted a proposal from the publisher of a new paper in Vermont, called "the Journal of the Times." He chose for its motto these words: "Reason shall prevail with us more than popular opinion,"—a sentiment that has always guided him through life. In his first number he tells his subscribers, that his "Journal shall be independent in the broadest and stoutest signification of the term;—it shall be trammelled by no interest, biased by no sect, awed by no power. Of all diminutive objects (he continued) that creep on the face of the earth, that bask in God's sunshine, or inhale the rich atmosphere of life,—of all despicable and degraded beings, a time-serving, shuffling, truckling editor has no parallel. And he who has not courage enough to hunt down popular vices, to combat popular prejudices, to encounter the madness of party,—to tell the truth, and maintain the truth, cost what it may,—to attack villainy in its higher walks, and strip presumption of its vulgar garb,—to meet the frowns of an enemy with the smiles of a friend, and the hazard of independence with the hope of reward, should be crushed at a blow, if he dared to tamper with the interests of the public."—*This was in 1828.* The article goes on to say, that the writer had in view *three objects*, which he should pursue, in that place or

elsewhere, *through life*, namely—"The suppression of Intemperance,—the gradual emancipation of every slave in the republic,—and the perpetuity of national peace;" and, said he, "what is wanting in vigor, shall be made up in zeal, while discussing these topics." He then went on to declare his political sentiments, and thus commenced his third public effort. His next remove was to Baltimore, whither he went in September, 1839, to assume the editorial department of the "*Genius of Universal Emancipation*," in conjunction with the philanthropic Lundy. Here he remained another half year, during which time his attacks upon the monster, against which he had a year before declared unyielding, uncompromising war, were firm, uninterrupted, and indefatigable. It was in the columns of this admirably conducted journal that Mr. Garrison wrote two articles animadverting upon the conduct of a Newburyport merchant, in being concerned with others in fitting out a vessel from Baltimore with slaves for the New Orleans market. His language was plain, his rebuke stern and direct, and his allegations unmistakeable. Garrison never selfishly weighed consequences: he did according to the dictates of as pure a conscience as ever guided man,—and left the results to the Author of Truth. A process was issued attaching the body of the Philanthropist, at the suit of the merchant he had rebuked, and after a trial by slaveholding jurors, in a slaveholding court, within a slave-cursed county in Maryland, he was sentenced to be punished as the author of a libel, by the payment of a large fine—and to be imprisoned until it was paid. But he was poor in purse, though rich in good works, and he pillowed his head upon the dungeon floor, and fell to sleep with a calm and quiet spirit, that his persecutors, (trembling at every sound which rose upon the breeze, as if it were a foot-fall of a robber or assassin,) would have envied, could they have seen him in his prison home. Hear him, as in numbers that have been described by one of the first literary critics of our country, as possessing the fine peculiarities of the best of old English poets, he raises his voice from that dungeon, and bids a proud defiance to those who would crush *the mind*, and stifle *its emanations*, by imprisoning the body!

"High walls and huge *the body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways.

Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,—
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!

It leaps from mount to mount,—from vale to vale
It wanders plucking honeyed fruits and flowers:
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up, before the sun, roaming afar,—
And, in its watches, wearies every star.'

From his prison in Baltimore he was relieved by the noble benevolence of Arthur Tappan, who paid the fine in default of which he had been confined, and sent him once more to prosecute the self-denying errand upon which, with a full view of all the cost, he had voluntarily embarked.

With a soul that, like the flower that emits fragrance from its wounds, only rose higher the more it was trampled upon, he came back to New-England. He had felt, by experience, what before he had only imagined; and imagining, had lifted up his voice against:—the degrading pressure of bodily confinement; and now that voice was to be still more eloquently raised to crush a monster so cruel and yet so powerful. He established the "Liberator" press in Boston, and has since been steadily and unweariedly engaged in its editorship.—This paper and its editor are now identified throughout our land with the subject of Emancipation. Their names ring from Northern Maine to Southern Georgia;—*the universal heart* of the colored population of the republic throbs with joy at the mention of them; the wary, calculating, selfish, supporters of the *Colonization plot*, (strengthened by an array of the names of some influential men who have been *cheated* into its support, by the delusive promise of advantages that never can accrue,) are traversing the land from North to South, from East to West, to counteract the influence they are calculated to obtain,—while, at the mere articulation of *these* words ("Liberator"—"Garrison,") the guilty conscience-stricken slaveholder howls forth maledictions upon both, and offers his blood-stained gold as a price for the Liberator's head.

To counteract the influence that there was reason to apprehend was being produced upon the minds of the British public by the exertions of Elliot Cresson, an emissary of the American Colonization Society, in its favor, as well as to seek aid and support for the cause in which he himself was enlisted, Mr. Garrison, in 1833, embarked for England. He went out as an Agent of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society; and was received there by the friends of immediate emancipation with enthusiasm. He addressed several meetings, convened on the subject of his mission, in his usual impressive and eloquent manner. Here he challenged Cresson to meet him and fairly discuss the merits of the Association in whose behalf the latter had for some time been exerting himself in Great Britain: but in vain. The soil was uncongenial: it is only where Slavery exists as "a necessary" because a legalized "evil," that Colonization when fairly met, could talk boldly and with effect.—Having interested many philanthropic individuals, and having through them, given a new impetus to the exertions of the truly benevolent in England, as is very evident already, upon the subject of Emancipation in America, he returned to his native land. He came back to meet a renewal of that obloquy and opposition, which had pursued him across the ocean, when he embarked for England, and which was now to be even more copiously than ever poured upon his devoted head. Inflammatory hand bills were issued, advising assaults upon his person,—libels, as groundless and false as they were confidently and boldly offered, were heaped upon him in certain profligate papers, throughout the country,—accusing him of having vilified his country during his stay in Great Britain.

After these scenes in New-York and Boston, our friend returned to the discharge of his editorial duties, and, as far as we can learn, is prosecuting his noble work with his usual zeal and ability.

Such is a rapidly executed sketch of the manner of Mr. Garrison's life

from the beginning to this day. Bear with me, my friends, for a few moments longer, while I say something of his principles, and the manner in which he has supported them.

Never, in the whole of my experience in human nature, had I met with a man more purely conscientious than William Lloyd Garrison. Scrupulously regardful of The Right, I may truly say that I never knew him to do wrong. His intercourse with his fellow men was always marked by a nice respect to the laws of courtesy, as far as these did not conflict with that more than paramount duty, *moral obligation*. He was a devout worshipper of Truth, as a principle, and he never compromised it from fear or favor. His intercommunication with his fellow-citizens was thus constantly characterized by a lofty independence which seemed rather that of the intellectual than of the physical man. His religion, to whose requisitions he was always cheerfully obedient, taught him humility : and he *was* humble, when contemplating his relation to his Maker and his fellow men. But when he felt himself called upon to vindicate suffering Truth,—to throw himself into the arena of strife for the support of principle, to become the champion of moral and religious obligation,—he was not, for then it would have been criminal to be humble or submissive. Having, by a careful and strict investigation of his positive and relative duties, arrived at a conscientious conviction of the rectitude of any particular path to be pursued, he fixed his eye resolutely on the high motive which urged him onward, as his polar star, and fearlessly trod therein, although his course might be solitary.

Mr. Garrison's character seems to me to be modelled on that drawn in the 16th century, by Sir Henry Wotton, who thus describes the Independent Man, in stanzas that will never die :

“ How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will :
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;—
Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath ;—
Who God doth bare and early pray
More of his grace than goods to send ;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother or a friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet doth all !”

In all these things, my friends, have I spoken strongly ? Believe me, I have spoken simple truth,—from actual knowledge,—from personal experience. “ Believe me then, for the truth's sake.”

These remarks will have led you to suppose that vigor, perseverance, uncompromising boldness, and high principled zeal, would necessarily characterize any measures which the subject of them would feel called upon to take, for the advancement of a cause like that which binds this

association together.—And this inference is correct. Garrison has evinced the possession of all these traits in the course of his advocacy of the great question of Slave Emancipation.

He is sincere. He can give good reasons for the faith that is in him. What more can his revilers desire? Alas! "they love darkness rather than light! Because—there deeds are evil!"

Now what is this *faith* of which I speak as that of Mr. Garrison?

He looks over his native land—he sees millions of his fellow-men hereditarily doomed to a degradation, that is worse than that of brutes;—he sees that humanity, religion, principle, justice, and that expediency which is far-sighted, and fore-thoughtful,—and deep-calculating,—all outraged, and stifled, and contravened, by the supporters of the system, of which three millions are victims,—he sees therefore, as an obvious corollary from the first position, that what is wrong should be righted, and what *should* be, *can* be, if the public will be but the volition of a pure heart within the public bosom,—that efforts should be made to purify that heart,—and that the accursed doctrine of *Expediency*,—(that plausible serpent within a world that were else a paradise,)—is the only obstacle to success in such a work.—*Feeling*, therefore, all this, like a philanthropist,—disinterestedly, conscientiously, and from the bottom of his heart,—what should a man like Garrison—(you have heard his character just now pourtrayed)—what should a man like this man do?—Can you, can any one point out a course, that would be more natural than that which he has pursued? And is not what is natural, upon premises like these, most obviously the true, and unexceptionable course? Acted he otherwise, would he not be a hypocrite? And acting thus, is not his very zeal the strongest argument in his favor?

The Savior of the world "went about doing good."—The Savior of the world inculcated a perfect similarity of views, objects, and conduct to his own while on earth, to his followers, even to the humblest of them. There is therefore nothing profane in testing this advocate of what he thinks truth by a standard so holy.

Jesus of Nazareth sat down to meat at the board of a powerful Pharisee in Jerusalem, and upon being accused of neglecting a traditionary custom of the Jews before partaking of food, he denounced the cavilling Pharisees as "hypocrites"—"blind guides"—"children of hell,"—"fools and blind,"—"devourers of widow's houses,"—"pretenders,"—"whited sepulchres,"—"full of all uncleanness,"—"full of hypocrisy and iniquity,"—"full of extortion and excess,"—"serpents"—"generation of vipers" subject to the "damnation of hell." Now this language was addressed to a class of men in Jerusalem, high in station among the people, and leaders and directors of opinion in the Jewish nation: expounders of religion,—interpreters of the law,—the aristocracy of the period.—It was strong language, —but it was *Truth*: and the glorious exemplar of Christian practice showed forth, by its use, the manner in which hypocrisy and false teaching should be rebuked by his conscientious followers.

Now, I dare to assume for the individual whose name forms the subject of my remarks a full and perfect right to be tried, in this particular, by the standard here set up,—conscientious inculcator of the Truth as

taught by the precepts and example of Jesus.—And to what will the test lead us?

William Lloyd Garrison is the author of a work entitled [*“Thoughts on African Colonization;”*] in the course of which, as he examines the origin, professions, practice, working, and results of the American Colonization Society, he is led to use plain, and often severe language. In the outset of the work, he distinctly avows that he conscientiously believes, that “duty imperiously demands the application of it,—that to give offence he was loth,—*but more loth to hide the truth, or modify it*”—that he brought to “the investigation, an unbiassed mind,—a lively sense of accountability to God, and devout aspirations for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Unless He, in whom there is no darkness at all, pour light upon my path, (continues he) I shall go astray. I have taken Him at His word: “if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him.” Confessing my own foolishness, I have sought “that knowledge which cannot err.”—Thus premising, he says,—[and I beg his accusers to mark this,—and compare it, too, with the manner in which he redeems his promise,] “My warfare is against the *American Colonization Society*”—“IN ITS COLLECTIVE FORM,—AS ONE BODY,—AND NOT *with individuals!* While I shall be necessitated to marshal individual opinions in review, I *protest* (in the outset,) *against the supposition that indiscriminate censure is intended, or that every friend of the Society cherishes similar views.* It is impossible in attacking a numerous and multiform combination, to exhibit private dissimilarities, or in every instance to discriminate.” “I aim at the exposure of its GENERAL, PREPONDERATING, and CLEARLY DEVELOPED TRAITS.”

He then proceeds to show that its founders, its sustainers, its managers, (*not nominal but real managers*,—for there is a distinction to be observed,) and its warmest advocates, were and are no enemies to slavery as it exists in this land, but enemies to the existence of FREE blacks in the country: *why?* Because that the existence of such a class is incompatible with the safety of slave property, *as property!* And it is in his allusions to this confederacy of interested advocates of the system, who have had the address, by becoming all things to all men, in no very honorable sense, so to gloss over its defects and mislead others, who have had but little opportunity to weigh against these its merits, that the denunciating language of Mr. Garrison is used. This is a plausible point of assault, and they, whose *interest* it is to find some such apology for attack, have used it with considerable success.—And now, what is this language, applied,—be it held in mind,—to a Society, *as such*, and not to individuals?

The following passages are the strongest and most nearly approaching personal ones of any I have been able, upon a thorough search, to discover in the whole volume. Weigh them, and see if their author be the foul libeller he has been called.

After depicting the course taken by the founders of the American Colonization Society, in denying the possibility of elevating the black man in this country above his present degraded state, Mr. Garrison introduces some extracts from Colonization authorities, with the following passage:

“The detestation of feeling, the fire of moral indigation, and the agony

of soul which I have felt kindling and swelling within me, in the progress of this review, under this section, reach the acme of intensity. It is impossible for the mind to conceive, or the tongue to utter, or the pen to record, sentiments more derogatory to the character of a republican and christian people than the following:

* * * * *

After giving the extracts, he goes on to say:—

“My bowels! my bowels! I am pained at my very heart: my heart maketh a noise in me! Are we pagans, are we savages, are we devils? Can pagans, or savages, or devils, exhibit a more implacable spirit than is seen in the foregoing extracts? It is enough to cause the very stones to cry out, and the beasts of the field to rebuke us.”

* * * * *

“Again I ask, are we pagans, are we savages, are we devils? Search the records of heathenism, and sentiments more hostile to the spirit of the gospel, or of a more black and blasphemous complexion than these, cannot be found. I believe that they are libels upon the character of my countrymen which time will wipe off. I call upon the Spirits of the just made perfect in heaven, upon all who have experienced the love of God in their souls here below, upon the Christian converts in India and the islands of the sea, to sustain me in the assertion that there is power enough in the religion of Jesus Christ to melt down the most stubborn prejudices, to overthrow the highest walls of partition, to break the strongest caste, to improve and elevate the most degraded, to unite in fellowship the most hostile, and to equalize and bless all its recipients. Make me *sure* that there is not, and I will give it up, now and forever. ‘In Christ Jesus, all are one: there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female!’

These sentiments were not uttered by infidels, nor by worthless wretches, but in many instances by professors of religion and *ministers of the gospel!* and in almost every instance by reputedly the most enlightened, patriotic and benevolent men in the land! Tell it not abroad! Publish it not in the streets of Calcutta!”—pp. 139, 141, 143.

Upon other extracts from the “African Repository,” and the speeches of Colonizationists, all tending to show that the plan of their Society was and is to remove the free blacks, for the purpose of more firmly rivetting the chains of the slave, Mr. G. thus comments—attacking, not A, B, and C, as individuals, but a *set*—a society—a soulless corporation aggregate:

“Ye crafty calculators! ye hard-hearted, incorrigible sinners! ye greedy and relentless robbers! ye contemnors of justice and mercy! ye trembling, pitiful, false-faced usurpers! my soul spurns you with unspeakable disgust. Know ye not that the reward of your hands shall be given you? ‘Wo unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed: to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless! And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation that shall come from far?’—‘What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the face of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts.’”—p. 103.

“But,” say his maligners,—they who raise this cry against him from interest, and they who echo it from ignorance,—“his paper! his paper! the *Liberator!* the libellous, incendiary Press! how will *that* bear an examination on these grounds?”—If the clamor be one moment stayed, I will cheerfully answer the demand.

In alluding to the American Colonization Society's attempt to procure the passage of a bill in Congress in 1832, he says—

"Our readers will perceive, by an article in another column, that a proposition is before Congress for the removal of the free colored population to Africa. Let the friends of this cruel measure beware of the consequences. We shall oppose it as fraught with all that is contracted in prejudice, malignant in persecution, and disastrous in oppression."—p. 11.

Here you see his denunciatory language is applied, not to individuals but to their measures, as those of a Society.—Again, in some remarks upon Mr. Ladd, he takes occasion to say :

"I have yet too exalted an opinion of his 'head and heart,' to believe that he will long continue to give his support to the Colonization crusade—a crusade which embraces all that is dreadful in persecution, or venomous in hate, or vile in detraction, or unjust in oppression, or contemptible in fear, or criminal in unbelief—a crusade which is the enemy of God and man, which is hurrying this country to the brink of destruction, and which is shrouding the light of American freedom,

'As a hurricane eclipse
Doth the sun.'"—p. 43.

And what of personal attack is here?—Here is another paragraph, forming an entire editorial article, which is among the severest attacks upon the Colonization Society I can find in the *Liberator* :

"*Too late!*—Mr. Danforth, in the last Boston Recorder, is begging for money to enable the Colonization Society to expatriate some American citizens to the coast of Africa, simply on account of their complexion.—The people of New-England are not disposed to encourage a scheme which was conceived and is now managed by a gang of Southern men-stealers, for the purpose of rivetting the fetters more closely upon a multitude of men, women and children. You are too late, Mr. Danforth—altogether too late! Don't insult the moral sense of this community by your appeals—the imposture is now fully understood."—p. 187.

That is personal,—but against whom is it directed? The impersonation, the embodiment, so to speak, of the American Colonization Society, *as such*; and of course a fair theme of such a retort, after most flagrant abuse of William Garrison, on his own part.—But once more :—the manner in which, as I find, Wm. G. was used, in the *Liberator*, to speak of the American Colonization Society may be fairly illustrated by the following extract : and I challenge the most reckless and impudent of his maligners to point out a single passage in the columns of that print, more severe than this. You will see that he deals with all the hundred heads of the hydra at once, leaving individual warfare, until individually assailed.

"The American Colonization Society must stand or fall by its *principles*. If those principles are subversive of law and humanity, in vain shall be marshalled a long array of great names to bias our moral sense. The age of human infallibility has passed away. The slave trade was formerly attempted to be perpetuated by the respectability of the traffickers—so was the rum trade—and so was masonry. The Colonization Society is now endeavoring to reconcile us to a system of villany, blood and cruelty, by eulogising the forecaste of southern tyrants in refusing to let the oppressed go free in their native land, and by representing the plunderers of their fellow men as patriots, philanthropists and christians !!!

"I admit that there are many excellent individuals, (the number is rapidly diminishing,) who give their support to the Society, and whose be-

nevolence and piety are above suspicion ; but they have generally confided in the representations of artful men, and neglected to examine for themselves. They mean to do good—they sincerely believe that they are doing good—and all they need to induce them to turn from the object of their esteem with abhorrence, is, *to see it as it is*. I have torn the veil from the brow of the monster, and now call upon them to contemplate his horrid features.”—p. 193, 194.

I have carefully looked over the whole fifty-two numbers of one entire volume of the *Liberator*, and that volume neither the first nor third, but the *second* or middle one, in search of instances of that recklessness of denunciation against the wise, the good, and gifted of our land, who are Colonizationists, which his relentless enemies have attributed to Mr. Garrison, as editor of that Journal :—I have taken the *second* volume, thinking that, as it was published about midway in his editorial career, it would be as fair a criterion as could be selected, for the purposes of this argument, and the four specimens I have read to you, I solemnly declare are the strongest and most direct animadversions from Mr. Garrison's pen, which the volume contains. I shall make no farther comment than this observation, which forms the moral of one of the most admirable fables I ever read : “ *Knaves* can always find reasons for justifying their *own* conduct, and condemning that of *others*.”

Strong language ! strong language ! cry out the Danforths, the Cyril Pearls, and Matthew Careys of the land. “Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, little dogs, and all.” True,—the opponents of the Colonization Society *do* use strong language, when speaking of that apologist for Slavery as it at present exists in our land : and why ? Dangerous diseases need powerful medicines ; and steady, fearless, dauntless hands to apply them.

Hugh Latimer, than whom a more useful and efficient preacher of God's gospel never lived,—whose blood was freely shed for the cause he advocated,—a burning and shining light of the age in which he lived,—a Christian teacher, a Bishop of Worcester, a martyr to the Holy faith he professed, preached before king Edward the Sixth of England and his court. He used strong language too. For example's sake, let us cite one or two passages of the style of *his* preaching upon the popular sins of his time. He was denouncing the conduct of those who cheated the revenues of the kingdom ; and in such form as obviously to include a large part of the then trading community of England. Hear him !

“I have now preached three Lents. The first time, I preached restitution : Restitution, quoth some, what should he preach of restitution ?—Let him preach of contrition, quoth they, and let restitution alone. We can never make restitution. Then, say I, if thou wilt not make restitution, thou shalt go to the devil for it. Now choose thou between restitution and endless damnation. But now there be two manner of restitutions, secret restitution, and open restitution : whether of both it be, so that restitution be made, it is all good enough. At my first preaching of restitution, one good man took remorse of conscience, and acknowledged himself to me that he had deceived the king, and willing he was to make restitution ; and so the first Lent came to my hands twenty pounds to be restored to the king's use. I was promised twenty pound more the same Lent, but it could not be made, so that it came not. Well, the next Lent

came three hundred and twenty pounds more. I received it myself, and paid it to the king's council. So I was asked, what he was that thus made restitution? But should I have named him? Nay, they should as soon have this wesand of mine. Well, now this Lent came one hundred and fourscore pounds ten shillings, which I have paid and delivered this present day to the king's council: And so this man hath made a goodly restitution. And so quoth I to a certain nobleman that is one of the king's council, if every man that hath beguiled the king should make restitution after this sort, it would yield the king twenty thousand pounds, I think, quoth I. Yea, that it would, quoth the other, a whole hundred thousand pounds. Alack, alack; make restitution for God's sake, make restitution; ye will burn in hell else, that all the devils there will laugh at your burning. There is no remedy, but restitution open or secret, or else hell."

I offer this passage, not as approving of indiscriminate, individual attacks, but as a time-honored specimen of the manner in which good men of old have rebuked sin in its high places.

But I forbear. Time presses, and I refrain from citing many parallel passages which I have collected from many other writers, ancient and modern, who have nobly dared to rebuke unrighteousness, wheresoever it openly existed, in language proportioned in directness to the enormity of the exigency.

But let us come nearer our own times, and see what can be made out of the cotemporary organs of that pious indignation which is so liberally poured out upon the devoted heads of Mr. Garrison and the members of the Anti-Slavery Societies in America. Let us commend the poisoned chalice, which they offer, to their own lips. Let us convict our revilers out of their own mouths. Let us say to them each, "Physician heal thyself." Let us tell them that exemplars should have clean hands before they spread them out in showing to others the way wherein they should go.

Just after the late meeting of our brethren in the cause, in New-York, a paper in that city, in speaking of that meeting, used the following epithets in reference to the Association, its objects, its friends and supporters.

First, of the Association and its friends:—

Malignant fanatics.
Hair-brained fanatics.
Sly, malignant hypocrites.
Mischievous incendiaries.
Packing together of a few straggling idlers.
Malignant busy bodies in the bar of a porter-house.
Fire-brand Junta.
Cut purses.
Pickpockets of human rights.
Half hypocrites, half enthusiasts.
Consummate and malignant incendiaries
Designing rogues.
Righteous company of brewers.
Evangelical or fanatical party.

Then, of the Liberator and other prints:—

An infamous chronicle.

Newgate calendar of saints.

Then, of the objects of the Society:—

Insinuating falsehoods.

Incendiary.—Fanatical.

Applying the knife to the peoples' throats.

Deeds of darkness.

Watching fornicators and sinners.

Nor is this all. In other papers of the day, we find reported speeches of some of our exemplary Colonizationist fellow-citizens, who claim all the consistency—all the decency—all the moderation of the times. Let us see how they deserved the reputation they claimed.

At a late Anti-Emancipation meeting of the Colonizationists in New-York, Mr. Walworth used such language as the following:

Visionary enthusiasts.

Reckless incendiaries.

Lighters up of the flame of civil war!

How pious, charitable, and decent!

Upon the same occasion, Mr. Ogden entered what he called a solemn

Protest against fanatics.

Accused the Abolitionists of

Nullification.

Dangerous and frantic attempts.

Sharpening the sword of war.

and of Rapine and murder.

How moderate! how temperate! how calm and consistent!

Frelinghuysen, too,—hear him!

Modern fanaticism.

Wildness of fanaticism.

Foul calumniators.

Wild fanatics.

How christian! how exemplary! how perfectly consistent!—And all this at one Colonization meeting, too!

"Oh would some power the gift but gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

But once more. The pious Mr. Finley: what says he on the same subject? He is quite temperate, and uses no strong language.

Slanderers of good men.

Washington in hell.

Firebrands.

Incendiaries.

Cut-throats.

Blood-thirsty, rabid agitators!

Bravo, Mr. Finley!—Then comes the Colonization organ—the Commercial Advertiser of New-York, in full blast, upon the topics of—

Obscene journals.

Officious journalists.

Black seminaries.

Negro colleges.

False pretences.

Black and white amalgamation.

Sweeping egotism.

and (hear this!)

Raisers of the cry of persecution!!

Verily consistency, thou art a jewel!

In a manner somewhat discursive, I have thus endeavored, my friends, to explain the leading principles of Mr. Garrison,—and more especially to indicate *the manner* in which he is defending and sustaining, and endeavoring to inculcate them.

This last is the point of attack, which his wily opponents, with a subtle and calculating policy, are constantly aiming at, and magnifying beyond its fair proportions in the eyes and ears of the credulous. "*The incendiary Garrison*"—"The fanatic Garrison,"—"The abusive maligner of the great and good of our country"—"The libeller of Washington, and Carroll, and Madison!"—&c. &c. &c. He has been imprisoned,—mobbed,—and threatened. His head has been priced in one of the independent States of this free and republican confederacy! What then? Does he leave the cause in whose support he is engaged, to fight his own battles,—does he return railing for railing,—does he waste his strength and time in a profitless warfare with his enemies? Were he to do so he knows that cause would suffer,—and he disdains to do it.

But, as this clamor against my friend, and fellow-citizens your co-adjutor in a novel work, has been raised in this community,—as personal antipathy and opposition to his principles have been attempted to be excited against him, *here*,—it has not been amiss, perhaps, that I have consumed a portion of your time in an examination of the grounds of these charges against him. If I have succeeded in directing a single mind in the right path to enlightenment on this subject, I shall not regret having undertaken the task. But I do not forget, and I beg you, my friends, to bear it also in mind, (and act in this regard upon the lesson the recollection inculcates) that a distinguished statesman of our own New England has forcibly said—"Falsehood will travel from Maine to Georgia,—while *Truth* is pulling on her boots!"









THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

MAY 02 1993

